

THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER.

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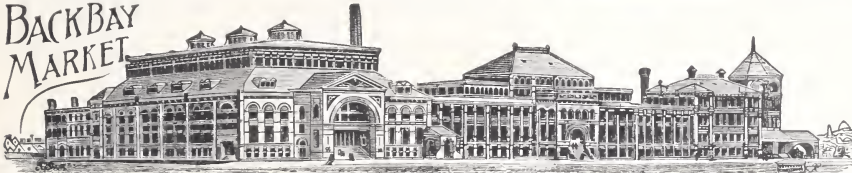
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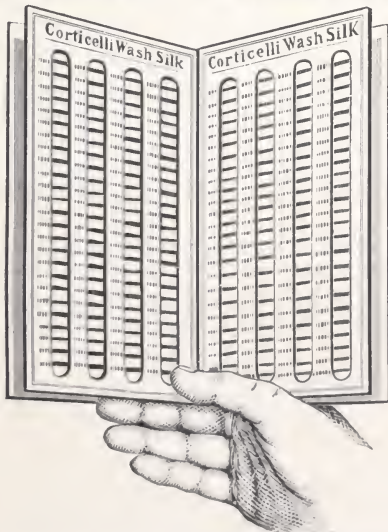
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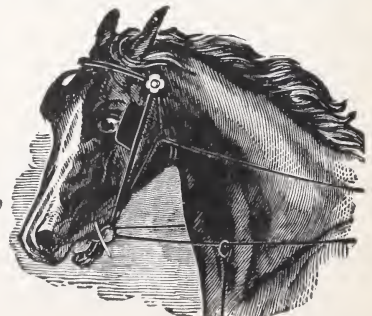
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AN ORIENTAL BEAUTY.

Latin School Register

VOL. XIV.

BOSTON, APRIL, 1895.

No. 7.

The Village Idiot.

A SKETCH, FOUNDED UPON FACT.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street stood the village idiot's house, a weather-stained, gambrel-roofed, old house, buried in a tangle of rank weeds and blackberry vines. The walk was all overgrown, and the hedge that formerly marked its limits had so spread that it made access to the front door well nigh impossible. But it mattered not, for had one been able to attain the hidden door-stone he could not have gained admission, for the door was now never opened, and had not been for many, many years. The window-panes were dusty and cracked, and the blinds were shattered or torn loose and lying on the ground. Out of one window hung a lantern rather rusted by rain and dew.

The inmate of the house was never seen at the front of the dwelling, but he would sometimes sit in the sun on the back-door step or under the unpruned apple tree and mutter or hum to himself snatches of old-fashioned airs. He was a pitiable sight—an old, gray-haired man with hollow cheeks and large, sunken eyes; but no one ever spoke to him or paid any attention to him, save some of the boldest villagers, who would pause to call out in a hearty tone, "Mornin', neighbor!" and no answer would be given.

Such was the lifeless appearance of the house by day; but at night, rain or shine, winter or summer, the lantern at the window would be lighted and gleam in the darkness to light many a belated traveler on his gloomy way. This lantern had a most romantic story.

The legend ran as follows:

Henry Leavitt was a shy, quiet fellow, who worked faithfully with his father, a farmer of some small importance. Henry did not go

with the other lads of his age to the country celebrations or to the country church. In the evenings he would work with the other farm hands until the day's labor was completed, then take his supper and then slip away to some distant pasture. He would select a comfortable seat on the pasture bars, or on the brown grass, and whistle softly to himself or watch the fading sunlight or listen to the flute-like note of the pine warbler from his perch in the top of some somber pine.

So passed his youth in close acquaintance with the flowers of the field or the birds of the wood on whom he lavished his warm affection. The village girls laughed at him, the village lads mocked him, but the old people loved him.

One summer some excitement was created by the arrival of a young lady from the distant city, the child of wealthy parents, who, despite of wealth and care, had lain at death's door for months, and who, at the physician's imperative charge, had been sent to this obscure village for absolute change and simple fare. With her came an elderly cousin, who secured board at Farmer Leavitt's home. You can divine the rest. Poor Henry was charmed with her delicate ways and educated conversation. His bosom swelled with pride when he showed her over the farm, introduced her to all the animals, pointed out all the beautiful woodland spots, and showed her where to gather the pale orchids and the pitcher-plants. The friendship ripened rapidly, but soon grew out of friendship into love, strong and passionate on Henry's part, delicate but transitory on her part. She was charmed with faithful attention and imagined

herself in love with him. He poured the torrent of his affection on the first object it had met to requite it—all the more overwhelming because checked so long.

Her cousin soon began to suspect that something was wrong, and resolved to notify the girl's parents. They were away from the city, and things developed so alarmingly that the worthy lady decided to go immediately and consult the girl's parents in person. The girl's health had improved rapidly and she was out constantly—always in the evening. So her cousin notified her that she was going to the city for a short time, but would leave her in Mrs. Leavitt's motherly charge. So the cousin hastened away to find the girl's parents. Unfortunately she did not reach them for two weeks. Fatal two weeks! Henry's mother was blissfully ignorant. During that time Henry became engaged to the fair visitor.

The cousin returned. The day after her arrival her charge confessed her unfortunate love. The poor lady was in despair. She telegraphed to the girl's father to come immediately, and waited for his arrival.

* * * * *

The setting sun shone over the shadowy meadow at the close of a warm summer day. The birds sang their quiet vesper hymns, and the lowing of cattle sounded from the distant barns. The evening air was heavy with the odor of sweet-fern and primrose, and the mist was descending on the fields. Henry leaned against the meadow bars and looked expectantly down the woodland road. Soon a slender figure wrapped warmly in a white shawl approached. He welcomed her with a bunch of red wood-lilies, and led her to a soft seat on a knoll in the meadow. The rapturous meeting was tinged with a certain sadness, however, for the girl intimated that her confession had been very unpleasantly received by her cousin. The

two sat in silence a long time; but when the girl made a slight move, Henry assisted her to her feet, wrapped the shawl closely about her, and walked back to the bars with her. "But you will come again tomorrow e'en?" said he, holding her hand. She promised, and he turned away, waved good night, and walked slowly back into the pine woods. Here he sat down, buried his face in his hands and thought. The hot tears fell between his fingers upon the pine needles at his feet.

The next morning he rose early and departed with the mowers to the salt meadows at the distant seashore. The teams returned late. Henry ate his supper hurriedly and departed to the meadow. Long he waited in vain. Expectancy changed to hope, hope to alarm, alarm to fear, fear to despair. With beating heart he started quickly homeward to see if aught was wrong. There he met his mother, who, with tearful eyes, told him all.

The girl's father had come about noon, their possessions had been packed, and they had all departed that afternoon.

* * * * *

Amid the excitement of city life the girl learned to forget the past, and married a wealthy banker. But Henry went every evening to the meadow bars and would keep saying to himself, "She will come this e'en. She will come this e'en."

For a month he led a melancholy life, seeming stunned by the suddenness of his disappointment. One night he went as usual to the meadow, but it was long ere he returned.

* * * * *

An old man, Henry Leavitt returned to his deserted home, hung up his lantern, muttering, "She will come this e'en. She will come this e'en." And the villagers laughed and tapped their heads with a knowing smile. But the lantern always hung there at night, in case she might come that evening.

S., '96.

THE ATHLETIC TEAM.

For the first time in several years the Boston Latin School has entered into track athletics with a vim. When the call for candidates for the team was made, about fifty-eight men appeared and began training under the direction of Mr. Jones and Mr. Pennypacker.

Later on, C. D. Drew, Vincent, and M. J. Cunniff of the Harvard Athletic team, offered their services to Captain Maguire, and now we have adopted the same method of training as the Mott-Haven team uses.

In the trial heats of the 40 yard dash which

are run every day the winners are nearly always Maguire, Dority, Morse, and Smith; and the final heat is very close, but is generally won by Maguire. The latter, by the way, is very quick in starting.

The three hundred yard run is hotly contested by Dority, Maguire, Mansfield, Smith, and Besse. The most promising are the first three named.

In the six hundred yard run B. L. S. will have a fast pair in Morse and Wadleigh, with Noone as a likely third man.

Winslow is making very good time in the 1000 yard run. He seems to be the only likely man for that distance.

In the field events the Latin School ought to fare well, for in the shot-put Eaton is hurling the sphere between $37\frac{1}{2}$ and 38 feet, while Mallet in the pole vault is clearing the bar in

the vicinity of 9 feet. Besides Eaton, B. L. S. will enter Dority and Mallet in the shot-put.

Under the coaching of C. D. Drew, Harvard's walker, the men trying for the walk are going round the track at a fast rate. Kesselhough, Duffield, and Stillings are the most promising men.

Woods, Clarke, and Whalen will enter for the high jump.

This year, for the first time, Boston Latin will run a team race with her old rival, English High, and for that purpose the men have been training faithfully, and ought to make a good showing. The team which will represent our school will probably be picked from the following:

Hill, Morse, Dority, Maguire, Mansfield, Noone, and Smith.

T. H. M.

Class Oration.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Permit me, in behalf of the class of '95, and of the Latin School, to welcome you to our exercises, and to thank you for the interest you manifest in us by your presence here today. Yet we are far from thinking that you have assembled here merely from interest in us. Today, it is true, we are celebrating our class-day, but we are met also for a greater purpose, to honor the memory of America's foremost hero, the father of his country.

It is fitting that we should all, especially on this day, reflect on the deeds, and character, and example of George Washington, and it is by a happy coincidence that the members of our graduating class, on the day on which we look forward to a wider field of life, have presented to our minds the example of a noble man, an example that we may well endeavor to copy.

Washington is placed before our eyes as a model, that we may shape our political and moral life on his. Where can we find a better exemplar? Where can we find a truer citizen, a more fervent patriot, a better man? Washington ranks not only as one of the greatest leaders and statesmen, but he stands pre-eminent among that small band of those, who, amid great worldly success, maintained an exalted character, and a just and virtuous life.

Therefore we honor this man and appreciate the fact that we have a hero, whom not only the American people, but all nations, admire unstintingly, a hero in every sense of the word, a man who, with all his renown as the governor of a nation, governed it no better than he ruled himself. Let us, therefore, always commemorate his day with the proper spirit, taking to heart the lessons which he presents to us. Let us not regard him merely as one who has lived a good life, and is no more, but let us rather think of him as a living exemplification of duty; let us always keep fresh in our minds the wise admonitions of his farewell address, and let us try to live up to his high ideal of citizen, patriot and man.

CLASSMATES,—Today marks the beginning of a new epoch in our lives. Today we take formal leave of the school which has done so much towards fitting us for life, and to which we have become so strongly attached. Today we get a closer glimpse of the life which lies beyond the preliminary stage. As these thoughts come before our minds, not only do we feel a sensation of triumph, at having passed thus far with no hindrance, but a feeling of responsibility comes over us, as we think of what we have yet to encounter on the road through life.

We congratulate ourselves that thus far we have had every advantage that could be offered. We have enjoyed to the full the grand opportunities presented by our enlightened city. In our education, we have received the benefit of the best thought and wide experience of those who have had our advancement at heart. We have spent perhaps our most critical years in a school which stands high among the educational institutions of the country, a school wherein we have been under the guidance of the most capable and zealous instructors, men who have shown us clearly that the highest object of education is not learning, but the formation of sterling character.

Who could have had better opportunities and inducements to that end than we? What, then, will be thought of us, if we do not, by living upright lives, repay those who have afforded us such excellent encouragement, and thus do honor to our school and to ourselves?

We are shortly to leave a school that has become famous as the alma mater of hundreds of prominent men; men who have been identified with all that was good in our city, State and country. Moreover, we live in a country that has, in its comparatively short history,

produced multitudes of men, whose example will always, in our future lives, blaze forth as a strong light through the darkness that may at times surround us, to give us cheer, and to light the way for us, in order that we, too, in the far off years may be among those whom our school and our country may look upon with pride.

Shall we not, then, keep always in mind the responsibility which devolves upon us of maintaining their high standard? Shall we not learn from these men who have preceded us, to be courageous and to meet difficulties with a firm determination of overcoming them?

Let us, today, determine that we will be daunted by no obstacle, (remembering that the triumph of a good life is the more glorious, as it is the more dearly bought); that the training we have received here shall not be in vain; and that we will go forth from our dear school, placing our firm trust in the weapons with which she has provided us. Finally, let each one of us resolve that he will so live that in future years, he may look back upon the time spent in the Latin School, as the beginning of an honorable, manly, successful life.

JAMES M. GILLIS.

The Mountain of Mystery.

GEORGE WASHINGTON FULLER.

XV.

IT WAS the day of the Great Festival of the Atlans. Tholpec bore many outward signs of rejoicing. Bright banners floated from every window and strains of music arose from all parts of the city. But amidst it all there was a spirit of uneasiness. The city was filled with men from the whole country. Each cast suspicious looks at his neighbors, and every man was fully armed. The conspirators had concentrated their whole force for the final blow, on this day, and the Queen, although supposed to be ignorant of the movement, had ordered all her followers to assemble. Thus, an unusually large number of armed men filled the streets; but, as yet, the suspicions of the conspirators were not aroused; for they believed that all these men were allied to their cause and had come at their call. Accordingly they were much pleased at seeing so many.

At noon, it had always been the custom for

the Queen to appear before her subjects in the market place, and issue pardons to such criminals in the imperial prison as seemed deserving. As the hour for the ceremony approached, the square began to fill. It was an immense, oblong tract of paved ground, running parallel to the river. Long before noon, thousands of the troops of the conspiracy were congregated here, and soon the royal procession appeared. There were but few guards about the Queen, who rode in an open litter, heavily veiled. Upon reaching the stone platform, which stood in the centre of the square and served the purpose of the Roman *rostrum*, she handed a paper to an officer, who read slowly the names of those thus liberated. But no shouts of joy arose. There was a sullen silence throughout the multitude. After a pause, during which the Queen addressed the officer, the latter cried: "The Queen desires to know why ye have not brought your wives and children hither that they might see the clemency of her maj-

esty and also why the pardons seem displeasing. And she doth demand the reason of this arming as for war?"

Upon this very open challenge, Magloutlec sprang upon the platform and cried:

"It means, Queziola, that thou art no longer Queen of the Atlans! If thou desirest proof, behold the army of thine enemies!"

A resounding shout broke from the multitude and thousands of spears flashed in the air. But calmly the womanly figure arose in her litter and said, as she let fall her veil:

"Upon such matters, my Lord, the Queen shall speak for herself."

the last terrace before reaching the top they met with resistance. A barricade had been hastily constructed across the stairway, and the houses on each side had been demolished. Large bodies of the imperial guards showered rocks and missiles of all descriptions down upon the advancing men, but the intervals were closed up, and finally the foremost ranks reached the barricade and swarmed over it. Then the conflict became sharp, hand to hand. The revolutionists had been made doubly furious by the failure of their plots, and the force at the barricade could not withstand even their first onslaught. Besides, the



THE FIRST CONFLICT.

As the veil fell, a murmur of surprise swept over the crowd, and Magloutlec staggered back. It was not Queziola!

At once he recognized the fact that the plot had fallen through; but no time must be lost. Therefore the leaders quickly formed their divisions, and as individual instructions had previously been issued to each man, the army was soon ready to move. An immediate attack on the citadel, where stood all the government buildings and the imperial palaces, was planned. One hour after noon, the assault began. Solid ranks of heavy armed men began to scale the great stairway. On

van of the stormers was composed of picked men under Quenzoatl, who fought in the front rank.

The barricade was carried, and a great force of the stormers swept up the stairway and into the great square at the top. Across the further end of the square, extended the imperial army, drawn up in line of battle. At the sight of its great size, Quenzoatl took immediate means to prevent a charge on the part of his men. A deep line was formed, as reinforcements poured into the square, and all the buildings at that end were quickly occupied.

(To be Continued.)

The Latin School Register

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F. K. BRYANT, Editor-in-Chief
E. B. TERHUNE, Business Manager

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All contributions must be plainly, neatly, and correctly written, and on one side only of the paper.

APRIL, 1895.

THE PUBLIC DECLAIMERS must be sure that their declamations fall within the five minute limit. Failure to comply with this rule has too often deprived the speaker of many credits which he might have won had his piece been shorter.

THE CLASS OF NINETY-FIVE has been congratulated for the general excellence of its class day exercises. Surely the day was a success in every way, and we sincerely hope that the class of Ninety-six may have the same good fortune.

THE RESULT OF the dance on Washington's birthday is gratifying to everyone of us. The athletics of our school have never been in a flourishing condition, and the sum of money netted from the dance will do a great deal toward setting that important part of our school life firmly on its feet. The applause of the whole school was justly given to Chairman White and his enterprising colleagues.

HOW MUCH MORE pleasing to the eye it is to see a man who is erect and broad shouldered, than it is to see one who bends over and who has the appearance of having no lung capacity at all! Every one must acknowledge the truth of this and yet it is the strange fact that many members of our battalion are rebuked at each drill by our alert instructor for stooping. Every boy who takes pride in himself and in the appearance of his company must stand as upright as he acts.

THE BOSTON ATHLETIC Association's indoor

meeting for the schools will be held in Mechanics' Building on the afternoon of March 23. It now seems likely that there will be about twenty entries from this school. We are also to have a team race with the English High School. The teams consist of four men each, and each man will run three laps, or three hundred and ninety yards. We hope that the boys of the school will all go to the meeting. The boys who enter for the events deserve that encouragement. Whether we win any events or not it is vastly more to our credit to be represented by a boy who does not win than by none at all. We want victory if we can have it, but it is of much more consequence to do the best we can than to win a victory. Let the cheers be as hearty for the boy who runs a plucky race and loses as for the one who wins, and next year we shall have more boys in training.

THE BASE BALL season is close at hand. A large squad of candidates for the team is now engaged in practice under the direction of Capt. Davis. Now that the season is young, it may not be out of place to say a word about the "animus" which is such an important factor in the formation of any team. At the meeting of those interested in athletics, held after the foot ball season, at which many ex-members of the school who have become famous as athletes spoke, great enthusiasm was aroused, which showed that a large majority in this school is keenly interested in athletics. Every one who was present at that meeting felt that if such enthusiasm had been shown before, instead of after, the foot ball season, the team would have done one hundred per cent better. Now, it may not be possible to have such a meeting before the base ball season, but the remarks made on that occasion will accomplish just as much good for the base ball team as they would have done for the foot ball team. The gist of those remarks was that not only those who try for the team should be interested in it, but every member of the school should feel that it is his team, and should do all in his power by giving both his good will and material aid for its success. This is self-evident. No school team can exist merely by its own exertions. It must have support from the whole school. The way that the school must show this support is by pecuniary aid and by encouraging

the team by being present at the games. The prospect for the success of the team this year is bright, and we feel that if every one will do

what he can to help it, and do it early, our team will come out better at the end of the season than it has for some years past.

Poison Ivy Oration.

BY E. H. SEARS.

FOUR-SCORE and seven years ago, anyway it seems as long as that, our fathers sent us to take our course at the Boston Latin School. Now we have nearly finished the war with our teachers, who have been struggling to make us learn something, and we have been conquered. We have learned something. We all know where Maonia is.

We are met to-day for three reasons: First, because the school committee tells us to; second, because it serves as our class day; third, *the* reason, because we wish to celebrate the birthday of a great man; a man whose name will be borne to the heavens by his namesake, the poet, orator, and Latin scholar, George Washington Fuller.

In September, 1889, the class of '95 entered upon its career, with ninety-six members. Of these "charter members", only seven are with us now. The rest have

"Gone like the tenants that quit without warning
Down the back entry of time."

It is thought that they were killed by eating too much of Newton's mince pie and apples. Another of the class will be done up in the same way unless he reforms, *Morris* the pity.

Now our course is almost over. But what has happened during these six years? In our first year, like *Omnis Gallia*, we were divided into three parts, four parts if you count the *part* in our hair. We continued in three parts until our second class year, when, for reasons best known to ourselves and our teachers, the class became small enough for two parts. By the same process, we are now all united.

Although we are fewer in numbers, we are larger in size. This remarkable development has been caused by our exercises in the physical laboratory, our physical exercises, so to speak. In the case of White and Hood, this development has very closely approximated a theoretical result. Let me advise our

successors: "Throw Physics to the dogs." But yet, many invaluable discoveries have been made in the laboratory in the past year. Two hundred and thirty-five years ago, Sir Isaac Newton discovered the law of attraction by means of an apple. We have a Newton in our class, who has discovered that as many apples as he brings are sure to be attracted to some other body. So, you see, history repeats itself. I always used to wish, last year, that history would repeat itself when I was called up to recite. I never could repeat it.

We have made a great record in declamation. One of us has spoken the same piece eight times without being found out, and the record of "Behind Time" is nearly as good. By the way, when is a man behind time? When he has a watch in front of him he is *behind time*. "The New England Town Meeting" has not had quite such a run as the other two pieces mentioned but it is very popular. By all means go to town meeting. If your town is not governed that way, go out to Randolph or Weston and get a sample.

In Weston, a year or two ago, it was proposed to provide barges to carry the children to school in winter, for many of them had to walk several miles. The opponents of this scheme said it was too expensive, and that the children were altogether too lazy already. As these arguments were of no avail, an old farmer got up, and sarcastically offered a measure to provide the houses with elevators to carry the poor little children up to bed.

We have done very well in our work here, but there is a criticism to be made. Have we not been a little selfish? We have got all we could out of the school, but we have not been anxious enough to see how much we could give the school in return. We have been like the little girl who went to church for the first time with her aunt. When the collection box was passed, she apparently put something in, but after the man got by, she said, in very

audible tones, "I got a quarter, Auntie, how much did you get?"

This selfishness has been especially shown in the matter of athletics, and is common to the whole school. Our school is first in scholarship—and first in athletics, if you count from the bottom. But we want it to count from the top. The seeds of interest have lately been planted; let us see that they grow. At one of the college settlements in New York, the ladies formed a club for the little "street Arabs" to keep them off the street in the evening. Each boy was given a bulb of some plant to take home and raise. When they were grown they were brought back and shown to the ladies, who gave the boys a very instructive talk on moral growth. At the close of this talk, a little fellow about ten years old came up and said, "Say, yer needn't try to plant no seeds in my heart, 'cause there ain't no dirt there, and they won't grow." We hope there is plenty of the right sort of dirt among our athletics; that is to say, "sand."

We are glad to be able to say that, this year, Terhune has revived the old Latin School orchestra. Terhune ought to pass his exams. with high honors, for he has had no lack of good *tooters*.

If anyone in the audience is tired of sitting here, there is one place where he may find relief. "Relief" may be found on page 1210,

lower left hand corner, of Worcester's Unabridged Dictionary.

Last year, in the class prophecy, it was suggested that the Latin School building be completed as illustrated in the catalogue, and that the supply of edibles in the lunch room be replenished by a fresh one. As a result, a porch, two feet by three, has been erected as a small beginning of the completion of the edifice, and the New England kitchen has taken charge of the lunch room. They give us, among other things, real milk, so we do not have to do as the Albany Dutchman did. He noticed that his milk was getting a good deal like chalk and water, so one day, when the milkman came, he went out with two pans, instead of his usual one. The milkman asked why he had two pans. "Dutchy" replied, holding a pan in each hand, "Dis is for de milk, and dat is for de vater; den I mix 'em to suit myself."

And now, as we close, let us thank the teachers for the instruction they have given us and for the marks they haven't. In a few months we shall cross the fatal "Bridge of Sighs." It is so-called because it is of sufficient *size* to extend across the Charles river. We shall next be known as the class of Harvard '99, and as such you will hear of us again. Until that time we bid you farewell, and we hope you won't forget the

CLASS OF NINETY-FIVE.

HOW THE CITY OF NEWTON SAW STRANGE SIGHTS.

How that famous company of four, the committee to invite Rev. Mr. Smith to our class-day celebration, went to Newton, and what they did there, has been already disclosed to the readers of these columns. But how that gallant company got home has been a secret up to now. But murder will out!

As we, the gallant and famous company above referred to, left the house, we had been visiting, Field, who, I will say for the justification of the rest of us, was ahead, discerned the smoke of the rapidly-approaching train which we had expected was to take us to Boston. "Hi! hi!" cried Field, and started, full tilt, towards the depot. The rest of us, who, although we do not claim to be extra sharp, can see through a board with a knot-hole in it, started after Field in the following order—Davis, Merrill, Lamson.

Now we were about an eighth of a mile from the station, and before we had gone one quarter of that distance we had set all the small boys in the town shouting in glee to see four figures, all wrapped up in heavy coats and with feet protected by the most graceful galoshes, proceeding in Indian file, at 2-40 pace down the main street of the town.

Soon we passed a sleigh in which sat a young person of the fair sex (we were not in such a hurry as not to observe that) who first looked astonished, then laughed, and then set her dog on us; at least, I think she did, for, just at that moment the dog attacked the vanguard, Field. Field was going so fast that the dog could not catch him, but the dog turned his attention toward Davis. Now, although Davis is usually very good-natured, when he is aroused he is dangerous; then,

"cave canem." I mean, let the dog beware. I don't know, but I think Davis applied his foot to that dog; at all events I didn't see the dog again, I only heard him. Soon another dog made his appearance, and he, likewise, disappeared after the manner of the first.

Up to this point the traveling had been good, but just here we struck a bad spot, where the snow was deep, but the crust was strong enough to sustain any ordinary weight. However, it did not sustain Davis. While the rest of us skimmed over it like antelopes, perhaps, Davis went through at every step, *crunk, crunk, crunk*. We three gained about thirty feet on this. But Davis was in luck. He had the tickets; and, using these as inducements, he persuaded us to wait for him.

Well, we caught the train with this result—killed, perhaps, the first dog; maimed, perhaps, the second dog; and missing, perhaps, both dogs.

But we were happy at having caught the train and at the consciousness of having given the small boys and dogs of Newton a good time.

C. R. L.

MILITARY.

The E. H. S. battalions are holding evening drills.

The sword squad has recommenced its drill under Col. Field.

The B. L. S. men at the D. H. S. dance were Col. Field, Maj. Morse, Capt. White, Capt. Lane, Capt. Hardy and Lieuts. Bufford and Kelly.

What evil genius possessed the battalion, Feb. 21? The drill was wretched, while that of the previous Tuesday received many compliments.

Our own dance was a great success, both in a social and a financial direction. The great number in attendance somewhat impeded the dancing; but nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of the afternoon. We were pleased to see many of the officers from other schools and also a number of former members of the B. L. S. After all expenses had been paid, over one hundred dollars were turned over by the committee to the chairman of the Advisory Committee on Athletics.

CLASS SONG.

On this our graduation day we bid the school good-by.
The past six years we'll ne'er forget—not even when we die.

And, when we think of what we leave, we drop a silent tear;

But what we've learned within these walls you very soon shall hear.

In Latin we have delved quite deep, of Greek we have a store,

While French and German fill some space; our heads can still hold more.

Sight passages we can translate without a moment's loss,

And, though we find it hard, of course we never use a "hoss."

The English we shall ne'er forget and hope to meet again.

Though fatal errors we have made, when fooling with the pen.

"Truth," "Not clear," and "Meaning" are appended to our themes.

Not yet does our great genius bubble out in fluent streams.

Physics is an antidote that we take twice a week.

With gravity we see its force and coefficients seek.

Here we lever subject that we may ne'er meter gain,

But let us hope results will prove our work was not in vain.

Mathematics is our pet, 'tis clear to him who sees:

We solve quadratics with contempt, originals with ease.

Our mental slates with polygons to cover up we try:

To beat us in this branch, young men, you must be fairly spry.

A FOOT-BALL PLAYER'S DREAM.

BY "ROBERT MORSE."

When I reached home last Thanksgiving day, I was ineffably happy, but somewhat tired; so I crept upstairs into the nursery.

There were two pillows on the lounge, one of them a nice, soft, respectable one that is made to use; and the other, one of those crazy-silk things that the girls contrive for some purpose best known to themselves.

I took the second of these reverently in my arms and snuggled down for a moment's rest and thought before preparing for dinner.

As I lay there, the scenery about me underwent a mystical change, and I found myself crouching on a broad green field with a football in my hands.

While I was wondering whom I was to play against, a giant appeared on the horizon and approached me with incredible speed. He reached out his mighty arms and attempted

take the foot-ball from me. Feeling it begin to slip from my grasp, with a great effort, I gasped hoarsely, "Down, down!"

I heard a voice like an echo lost among the mountains replying "Down is it? Well, Mister Bobby, you'll be down in a moment."

Then the giant stooped and seized hold of the very foundation on which I cowered. He dragged me to what I perceived to be a lofty precipice and ruthlessly plunged me into the chasm.

I struck the bottom with an awful thud, and the giant tore the foot-ball from me.

Then I began to realize that I was lying on the floor, while my sister was standing by me ruefully smoothing the wrinkles out of that precious cushion of hers.

"I should like to know what you think you are doing to my crazy-pillow?" said she to me.

"Think," "doing," I replied in a dazed manner. "Why, I thought I was playing foot-ball with the d—"

My sister's warning glance towards the doorway caused me to pause, and, looking around in that direction, I beheld a very pretty cousin of mine standing there and laughing till the tears stood in her eyes.

Then I rose sheepishly and slunk in a shame-faced manner to my room.

At dinner that day I sat beside my pretty cousin, and was feeling rather awkward on account of the development of a black eye that I had received in one of the scrimmages of the morning.

My cousin noticed my embarrassment and, leaning over, took my hand and gave it a little squeeze crying, "Well, you beat, anyhow, didn't you Bobby?"

"Yes, we did." I replied proudly, and, although I have not the faintest idea whether I ate drum-stick or stuffing, squash or turnip, I am quite sure that I enjoyed that dinner very much.

PERSONAL.

Storrs, '92, will graduate from Amherst next year.

Metcalf, '92, is leader of the banjo club at Amherst.

Wilde, '93, who had to leave Amherst on account of ill health, has gone to Egypt to recuperate.

CLASS POEM.

The gleaming argosy sails out from port!

The richly garnished sails embrace the breeze
And soft and kindly zephyrs seem to court,

While calm and peaceful rest the faithless seas.
By night the lonely watcher at the helm

Directs the course by one clear-shining star,
Avoiding rocks and whirlpools that o'erwhelm,
And dreaming of the goal that lies afar.

Today, as did the noble ship of yore,
Do we embark upon the sea of life,
While, standing on the e'er beloved shore,

Our Alma Mater bids us to the strife.
The lucient path to fame before us lies:
We seize upon the course with spirits warm,
Unmindful of the sorrow-nurtured sighs
That wait us with the inevitable storm.

For us the blessed guiding star is Hope,
Bright in the joyless gloom of dismal night.
With that in view, we courage have to cope
With any baneful ill that greets our sight.
Ambition is the progress-urging wind—
An oft deceiving, never sated thing—
With these a strange enchantment holds the mind,
And biting tribulations lose their sting.

The calm we feel about us is but short,
The harbor left, we bend beneath the storm;
But tempests will be passed, if bravely fought.
Then shall we feel the joy that fills the form
Which, clinging to a wreck, strains hard his eyes
And, 'midst the clearing mists and sunrise glows,
The bright sails of his savior bark descries
And knows a triumph greater for his woes.

We soon shall be enlisted in the strife:
The clash of arms will drown our feeble voice;
But in the thickest of the battle—Life—
Girt with our armor, we may well rejoice.
Then let us not forget where it was wrought,
Or the companions of our early work,
And let us walk again where we were taught,
Where pleasant recollections e'er shall lurk.

These halls, as scholars, we may ne'er more tread
And ne'er more here for us shall sound the drum,
Here, where our early faculties were led,
Amid the schoolroom's busy, drowsy hum.
And ne'er again shall we together be,
And gaze upon our master's well-known face,
And all the old, familiar faces see,
And each sit in his old, familiar place.

And so let all our hopes be for the best:
Yet let us rest content with what we win,
Nor envy more successful in the quest,
Nor waste regrets on "what it might have been."
Now let our joyful psalm reach the sky.
The hour has come: the alluring gates swing wide.
We go to meet the fate ordained on high;
The past fulfilled, the future lies untried.

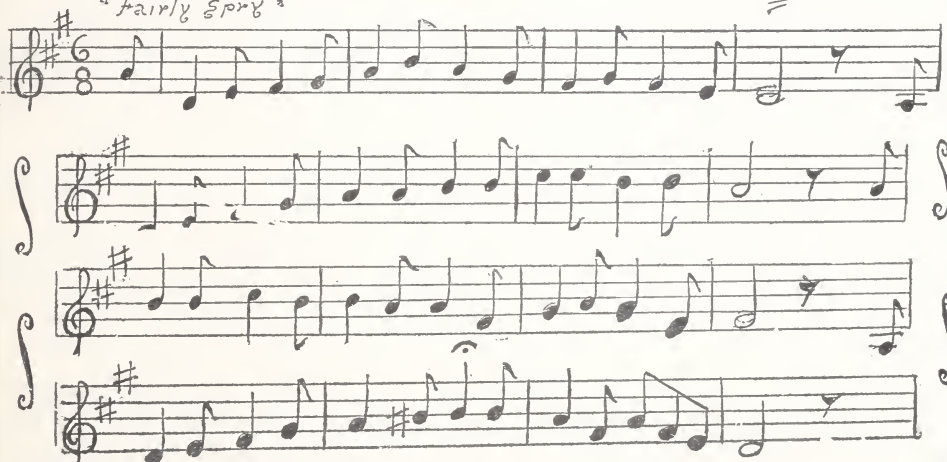
George Washington Miller

CLASS SONG

Words by G. W. Fuller

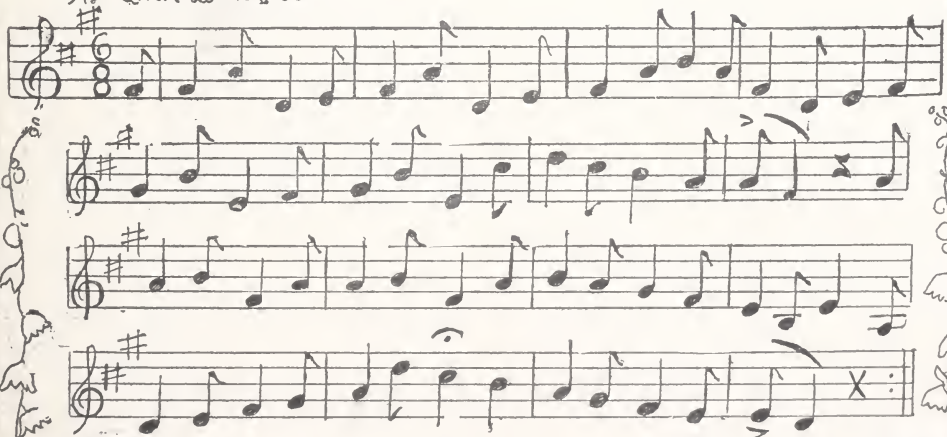
"Fairly Spry"

Music by E. H. Sears



CHORUS

"As Quick as may be"



We are the class of ninety five:
 Our noble band will always thrive.
 We'll capture all the plums we can,
 Be sleek and fat, patricians;
 And when upon some future day,
 The last of us shall fade away,
 'Twill then be known to every man
 We've gained the first positions.

DECLAMATION vs. RECITATION.

Showing how a declamation in one room interfered (?) with a recitation in the adjoining room.

INSTRUCTOR—Give the principal parts of *cresco*.

PUPIL—*Cresco, crescere, —er—*(hesitates).

DECLAMER (in next room)—Has the gentleman done? Has he completely done?

INS.—Wrong! Sit down, sir!

DEC.—But, before I sit down I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time.

INS.—Next!

PUP.—*Cresco, crescere, cressi, —*

INS.—Wrong! Can any one tell him where he is wrong?

DEC.—I know the difficulty the honorable gentleman labored under—

INS.—You are wrong!

DEC.—The public would not believe the charge!

INS.—You have neglected your lesson.

DEC.—The right honorable gentleman has called me "an unimpeached traitor"—

INS. (to pupil who has correctly recited)—You are right. Now, what does Pliny say in the next line?

DEC.—I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy counsellor.

INS.—What is meant by "*praetor?*"

DEC.—He is one who has abused the privilege of Parliament, and the freedom of debate, by uttering language, which, if spoken out of the House, I should answer only with a *blow*!

INS.—No, you are wrong. You have a very poor lesson this morning, all of you.

DEC.—He has charged me with being connected with the rebels. The charge is utterly, totally and meanly false.

INS.—Where is his mistake? Anyone!

DEC.—I can prove to the committee there was a physical impossibility of that report being true.

INS.—Who is whistling? Take a mark!

DEC.—Which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my desert—

INS.—What is the construction of those three verbs in the line above?

DEC.—They are corrupt—they are seditious—and they, at this very moment, are in a conspiracy against their country—

INS.—Barrington, sit down! Why are you up?

DEC.—Here I stand ready for impeachment or trial.—

INS.—Pay attention! Why do you come to school if you will not give attention to the lesson?

DEC.—I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this House, in defence of the liberties of my country.

(RECESS BELL. Dang! dong! dong!)

INS.—Dismissed!

H. S. B., '98.

BASE BALL FOR APRIL.

The base ball games to be played by our team during the month of April, are as follows:

April 6th, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.

April 13th, Groton Academy, Groton, Mass.

April 16th, Milton Academy, Milton.

April 20th, Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

April 27th, Phillips Exeter, Exeter, N. H.

E. P. DAVIS, Capt.

H. C. TEMPLE, Mgr.

BASE BALL IN THE SIXTH CLASS.

The boys of room 6 have gotten up a base ball team of which Frank O'Donnell is captain and Elias Field is manager. We hope that the two other divisions of the sixth class will take this hint and get up one, also, if they have not already done so, and room 6 will give them a game later on.

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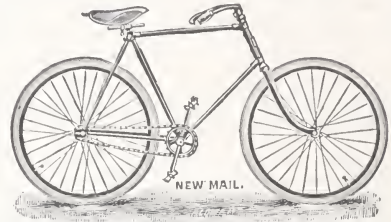


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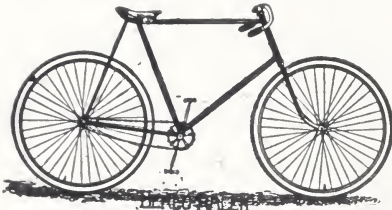
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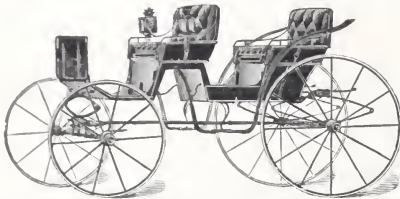
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